ETON SONGS.







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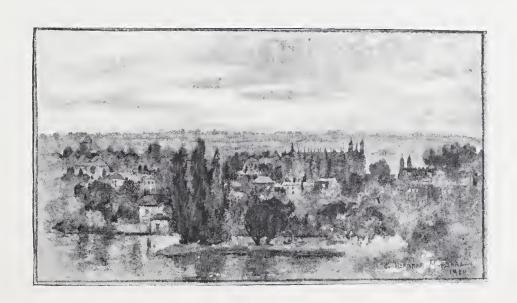


Eton Songs



ETON SONGS

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR CAMPBELL AINGER
SET TO MUSIC BY JOSEPH BARNBY
ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MARSHALL



RE s s

LONDON

The Leadenhall Press, 50 Leadenhall Street, E.C. Novello, Ewer & Co., London & New York

Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Limited

1891-2





DEDICATED

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN



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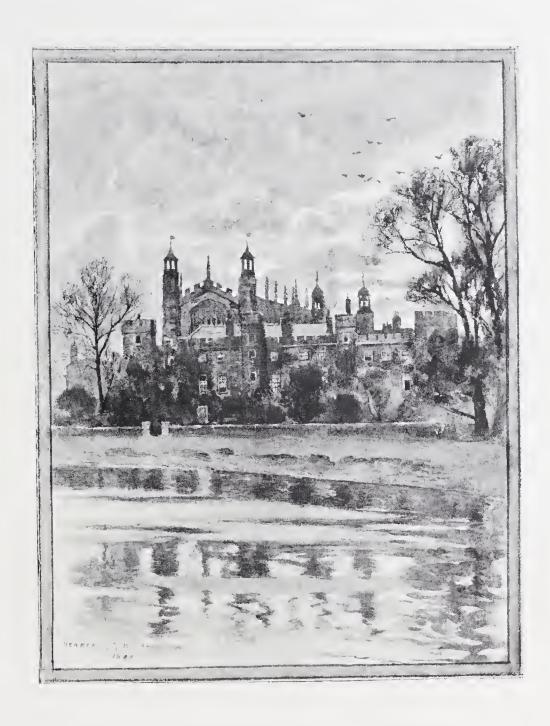
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"CARMEN ETONENSE"



"CARMEN ETONENSE"

Sonent voces omnium
liliorum florem,
digna prosequentium
laude Fundatorem!
Benefacti memores
concinamus, qualis
in alumnos indoles
fuerit regalis.
Donec oras Angliae
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

Stet domus Collegii
disciplinae sedes,
donec amnis regii
unda lambet aedes!
Crescat diligentia
studium Musarum!
crescat cum scientia
cultus litterarum!
Donec oras Angliae
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.



NOSTRA sint primordia
cum virtute pudor,
fides et concordia,
aemulusque sudor!
Jungat unus filios
amor erga Matrem!
cum magistris pueros
ut cum fratre fratrem!
Donec oras Angliae
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

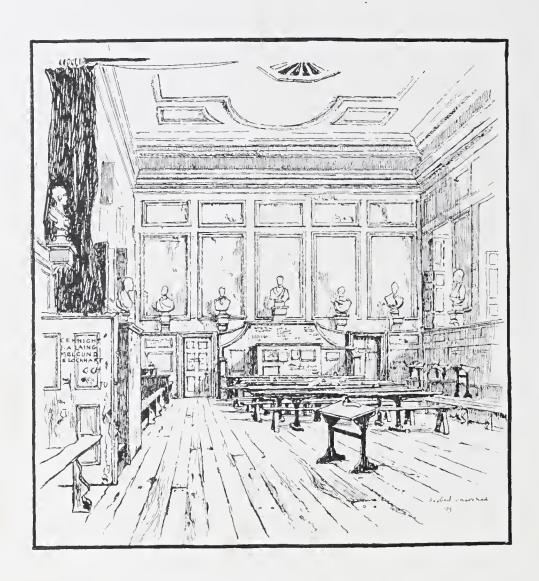
Obsequamur regibus,
modo jungant reges
libertatem legibus,
libertati leges!
Lege sic solutior
leges amet certas,
sic parendo tutior
nostra stet libertas!
Donec oras Angliae
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.



JUSTAM ludus vindicet
cum labore partem!
dulce foedus societ
cum Minerva Martem!
Sive causa gloriae
pila, sive remus,
una laus victoriae—
Matrem exornemus!
Donec oras Angliae
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat! florebit.

Mores Etonensibus
traditos colamus!
traditos parentibus
posteris tradamus!
Posterique posteris,
quotquot ibunt menses,
tradant idem seculis
carmen Etonenses.
Donec oras Angliae
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat! florebit.





*CARMEN ETONENSE.





































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33

Victoria our Queen

AN ETON JUBILEE SONG
1887



VICTORIA! OUR QUEEN!

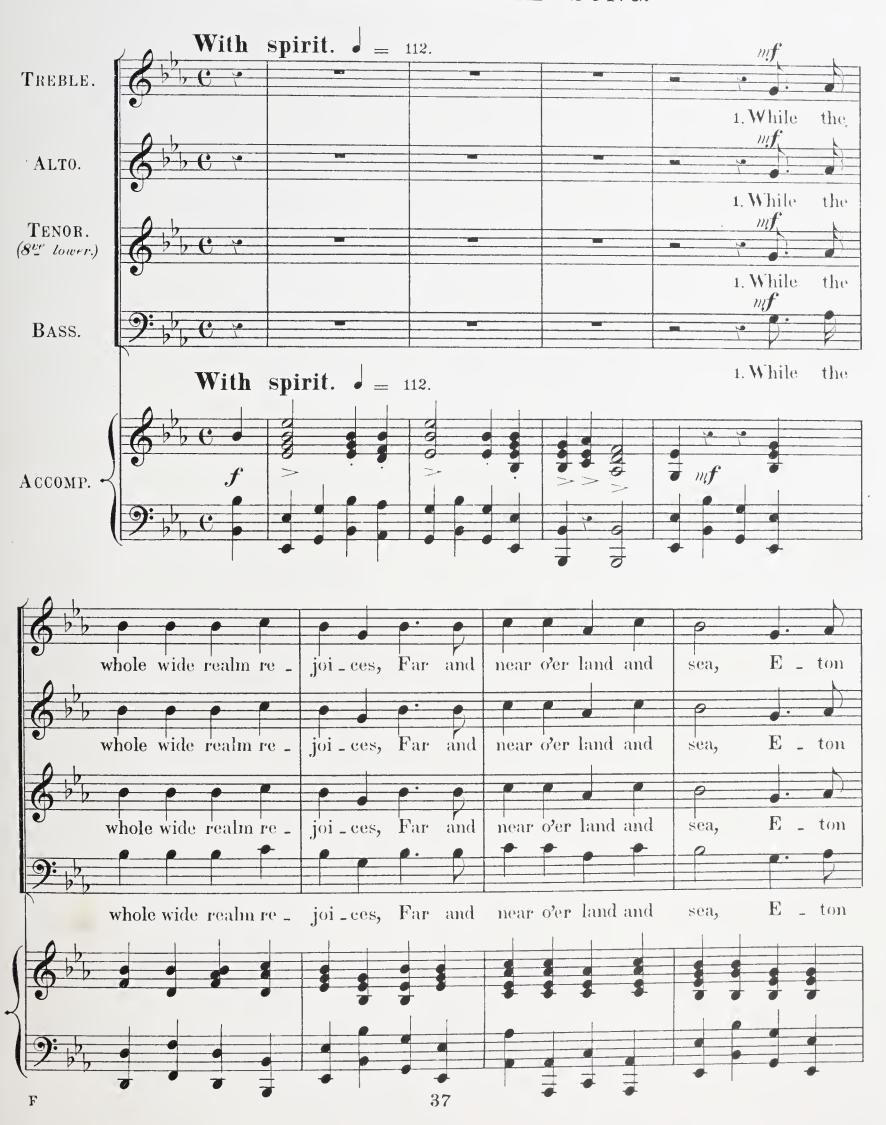
AN ETON JUBILEE SONG

WHILE the whole wide realm rejoices,
Far and near, o'er land and sea,
Eton brings her thousand voices,
Brings her thousand hearts to thee:
Grateful hearts thy love to own;
Loyal hearts to guard thy throne;
Voices loud to thank thee well;
Voices loud, thy praise to tell!
Sing together, one and all,
Shout together, great and small,
Victoria! Victoria! Victoria our Queen!
Victoria! Victoria! Victoria our Queen!

Fifty years of high endeavour,
For the right, against the wrong,
Ever glorious, gracious ever,
Bid us raise an Eton song:
Raise a song, Etonians, raise!
Raise a song of love and praise!
Love that grows, through smiles and tears,
Fifty-fold in fifty years.
Sing together, one and all,
Shout together, great and small,
Victoria! Victoria! Victoria our Queen!
Victoria! Victoria! Victoria our Queen!

VICTORIA! OUR QUEEN!

AN ETON JUBILEE SONG.



















THE SILVER THAMES



THE SILVER THAMES

Down he plunges, king of waters, foaming over Boveney Weir,
Dear to swimmer, dear to rower, dear in spring, in summer dear:
Other streams for other oarsmen—all our homage this one claims,
Gliding through the grassy meadows, broad and bright, the silver Thames.

Chorus.



FIRST of March, with snow and tempest, bids the eight-oars strip and row,

First of March to first of August sees the eight-oars come and go; Eight-oars, four-oars, gigs and cedars—many boats with many names— Flying, racing, lounging, floating—up and down the silver Thames.

Chorus.



FOURTH of June—the old King's Birthday—keep it ever, heart and soul,

Gay procession—flags and flowers—row to Surly—flowing bowl—Bands contending—bells resounding—blue and red and yellow flames Mock the moon, illuminating all thy ripples, silver Thames.

Chorus.



BROCAS CLUMP and Hester's Shed, boys! hark the signal—off they go—

Sandbank—Upper Hope and Athens—Rushes—Rypeck—on they row—On they row, while voices, shouting for "My Tutor's" or "My Dame's," Cheer the contest, wake the echoes on the banks of silver Thames.

Chorus.

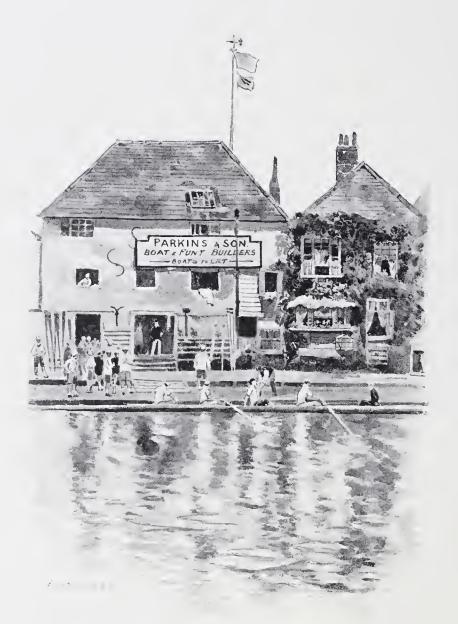


YES we learn to love our river ever dearer day by day,
Be the spring serene or stormy, be the summer blue or gray.

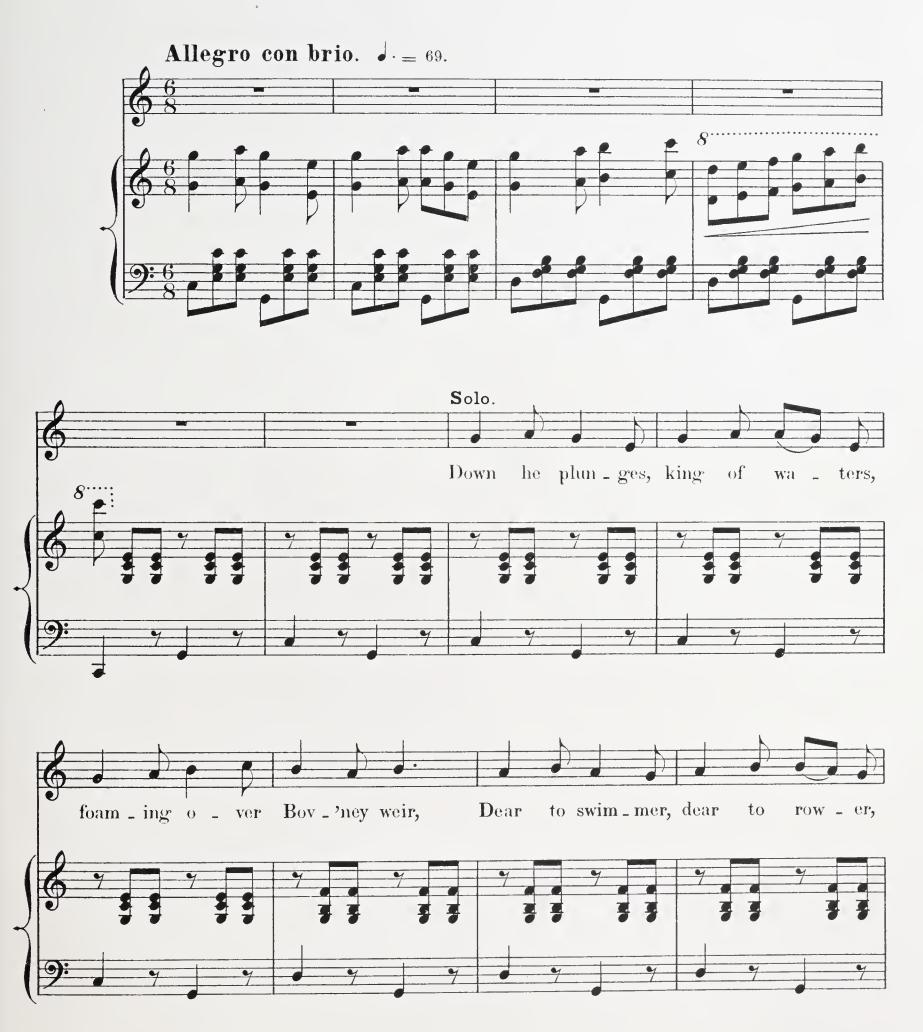
Leave the student all his learning, leave the dry-bob all his games,

Leave the wet-bob all he asks for, leave him but the silver Thames.

Chorus.



THE SILVER THAMES.















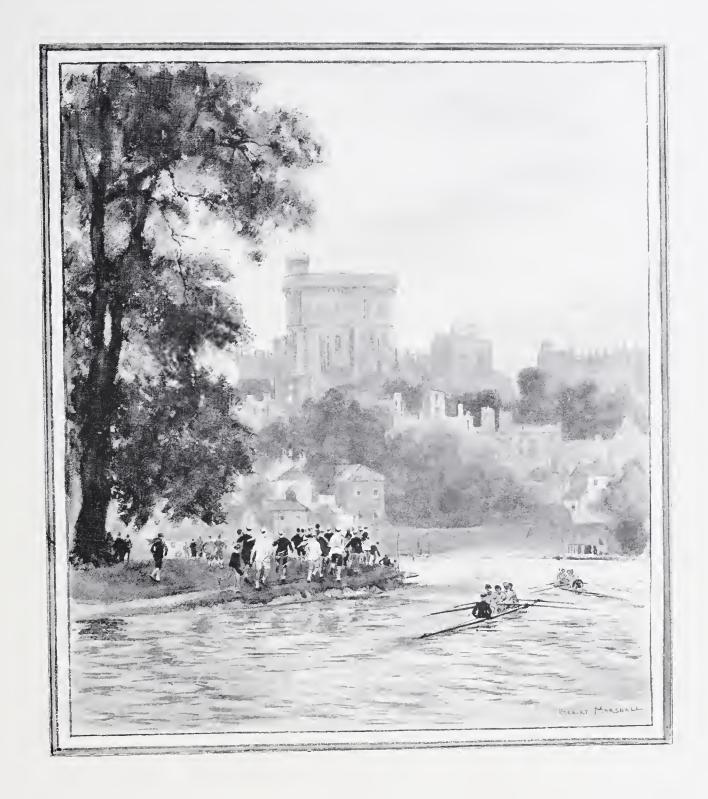












CRICKET IS KING



CRICKET IS KING

THOUGH the Muses be silent and History's pages
Disclose not his name or his date—what of that?
We'll hand on his fame to the uttermost ages
Who first brought together the ball and the bat.

Chorus.

You may talk of your tennis, your rackets, and fives, The skill they demand, and the pleasure they bring; Yet you're bound to admit in the course of your lives, They all have their merits, but Cricket is King.

A few sticks of willow, a handful of leather,
A score of good fellows, a bit of good ground,
Just bring them together, in fine summer weather,
And where can more perfect enjoyment be found?

Chorus.

THE highlands of Harrow, the lowlands of Eton.
The meads of old Winchester—level and gay,
Have witnessed whole days that can never be beaten,
When two smart Elevens have met in the fray.

Chorus.



THERE'S pleasure in scoring a hundred, and pleasure
In holding left-handed a slippery catch;
There's many a record, for memory to treasure,
Of marvellous overs, which just saved the match.

Chorus.



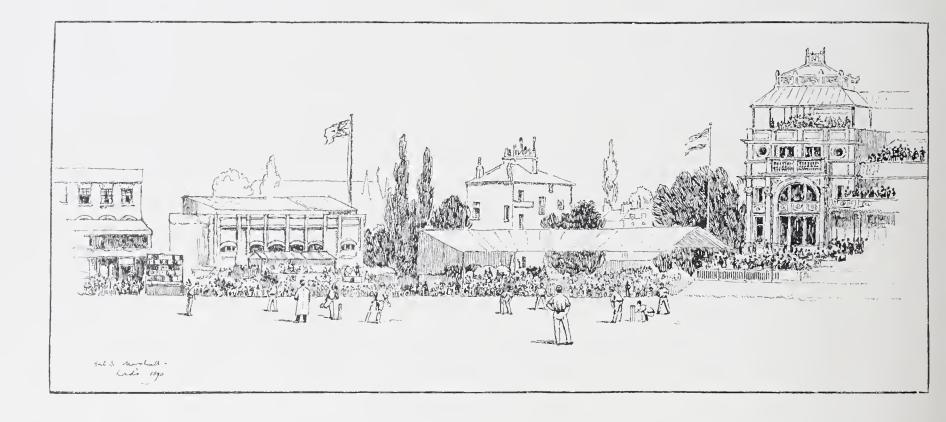
THERE'S pleasure in playing—there's pleasure in watching, When cricketing eyesight and muscles are gone, In sitting and watching the other boys notching, When they're hitting freely, and you're looking on.

Chorus.

You may talk of your tennis, your rackets, and fives, The skill they demand, and the pleasure they bring; Yet you're bound to admit in the course of your lives, They all have their merits, but Cricket is King.

And here is a moral with which you won't quarrel, When in far other fields you seek far other strife, Just open your shoulders and charm the beholders, But keep a straight bat to the troubles of life.

Chorus.



CRICKET IS KING.

















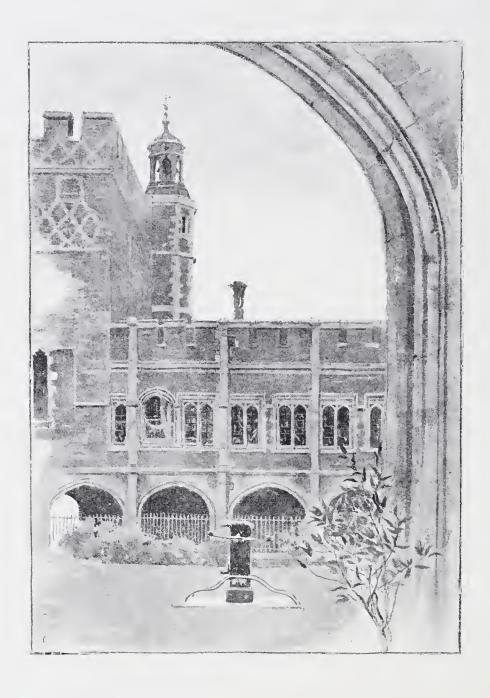








St. Andrew's Day



ST. ANDREW'S DAY

F glory won 'neath summer sun
Let other poets sing;

There's many a tune for the Fourth of June,
The birthday of the King;

But though November's turf be wet,
November's sky be gray,

There's something worth recording yet
Upon St. Andrew's Day.

Chorus.

Upon St. Andrew's day,
Upon St. Andrew's day,
There's something worth recording yet
Upon St. Andrew's day.

With rival fears and rival hopes
We come to see the sight,
And press against the stakes and ropes,
And mark the sawdust white,
Till, coats cast off and sleeves uprolled,
They come in colours gay,
Our two-and-twenty champions bold,
Upon St. Andrew's day.

Chorus.

Upon St. Andrew's day,
Upon St. Andrew's day,
There's something worth recording yet
Upon St. Andrew's day.

THE half-hour strikes—the fight begins—
The shouts rise stern and high,
And sometimes this or that side wins,
And sometimes it's a tie;
And worth whole weeks of summer sun
Is that one hour of play,
From half-past twelve to half-past one
Upon St. Andrew's day.

Chorns-Upon St. Andrew's day, etc.



SEE where the match he¹ stands to watch,
Who many a match has seen,
Cheerful and fat, with high-crowned hat,
And suit of velveteen;
He blew the ball, he knows them all,
The Homer of the fray,
He sings the heroes of "the wall"
Upon St. Andrew's day.

Chorus.

Upon St. Andrew's day,
Upon St. Andrew's day,
There's something worth recording yet
Upon St. Andrew's day.

Edward Powell, for more than forty years a faithful servant of Eton, and friend of Etonians, old and young.



WHAT if they jeer and scoff at it,
The folk from other schools,
And say the game is only fit
For lunatics and fools,
Come frost or snow, come fog or rain,
So may they meet alway,
With might and main to lose or gain
Upon St. Andrew's day.

Chorus.

Upon St. Andrew's day,
Upon St. Andrew's day,
With might and main to lose or gain
Upon St. Andrew's day.



S! ANDREW'S DAY.





















IOI

A SONG OF FIVES

A SONG OF FIVES

S MOOTH and square and dry the wall;
White, elastic, round, the ball;
Two on that side, two on this;
Two hands each to hit or miss—
Two hands each to hit or miss.
What more need we to possess
Two good hours of happiness?

Chorus—What more need, etc.

Send the "service" slow and high;
Hold your tongue, and mind your eye;
Turn and twist, and duck and dance;
Volley, when you see your chance—
Volley, when you see your chance:
Hit them hard, and hit them low;
Thus your score will upwards go!

Chorus—Hit them hard, etc.

Aces after aces get;

Shun the unprogressive "let";

Slowly, surely, onward crawl;

Set the game at "fourteen all"—

Set the game at "fourteen all"!

Blackguards gain not honour, but

Honour gain by "blackguard cut"!

Chorus—Blackguards gain, etc.

From the moment you begin

Do your level best to win;

Cheer your partner; wipe your shoes;

Keep your temper, win or lose—

Keep your temper, win or lose.

If you miss it, don't be vexed:

Badly this time—better next!

Chorus—If you miss it, etc.

ETON SONGS

FT you'll think, in after lives,
What is life?—a game at Fives:
Partners to their partners true;
Courteous to their rivals, too—
Courteous to their rivals, too.
Here and there alike the aim
In the end to win the game!

Chorus—Here and there, etc.

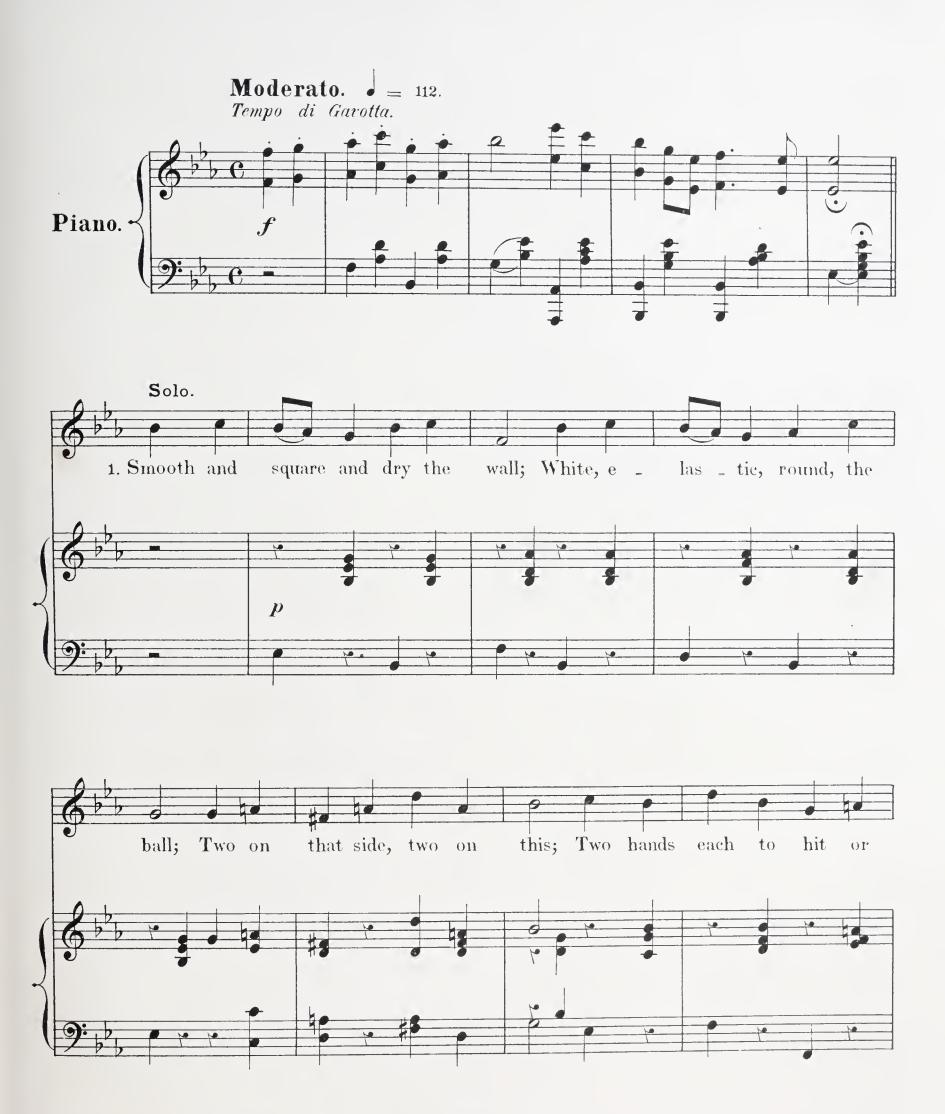
Oft in life you'll meet with knocks
'Gainst a harder "pepper-box";
Fingers scraped and fingers bruised;
Ball and player roughly used—
Ball and player roughly used.
Till "cut down," or slow or fast,
Into "dead man's hole" at last!

Chorus—Till "cut down," etc.

So let Fives its lessons teach:
Hit all balls within your reach;
If you fail for want of pluck,
Don't abuse your rival's luck—
Don't abuse your rival's luck!
Every one can win who tries,
For the struggle is the prize.

Chorus—Every one can win, etc.

A SONG OF FIVES.























"VALE"



"VALE"

Time ever flowing bids us be going,
Dear Mother Eton, far from thee!

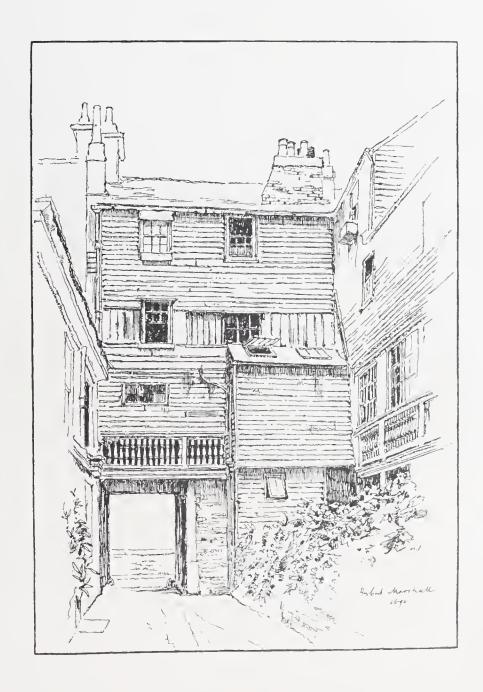
Hearts growing older, love never colder,
Never forgotten shalt thou be!

Eastward and westward, far divided,
Northward and southward, go must we,
Hearts growing older, love never colder,
Never forgotten shalt thou be!



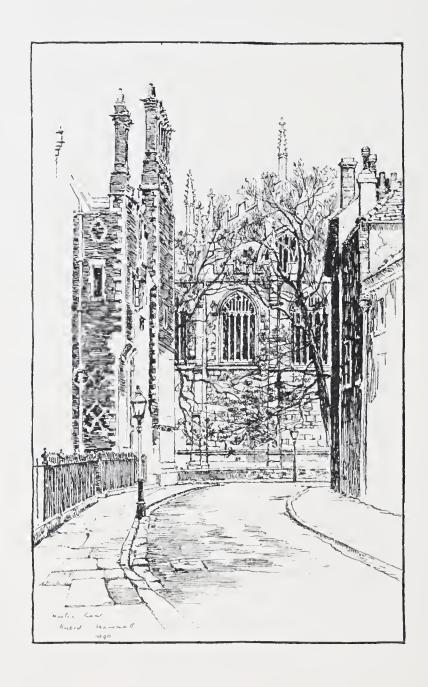
ETON SONGS

L IFE'S duties call us;—whate'er befall us,
High lot or lowly, weal or woe,
Brother with brother, thou our Mother,
In thee united we will go;
For home and kinsfolk, for old comrades,
For Queen and country, and for thee!
Hearts growing older, love never colder,
Never forgotten shalt thou be!



ETON SONGS

CD Eton places, old Eton faces,
Though we be parted far away,
Seen ever clearly, loved ever dearly,
Shall then be with us as to-day;
Each house familiar, each smooth meadow,
Each bend of river, each old tree.
Hearts growing older, love never colder,
Never forgotten shalt thou be!

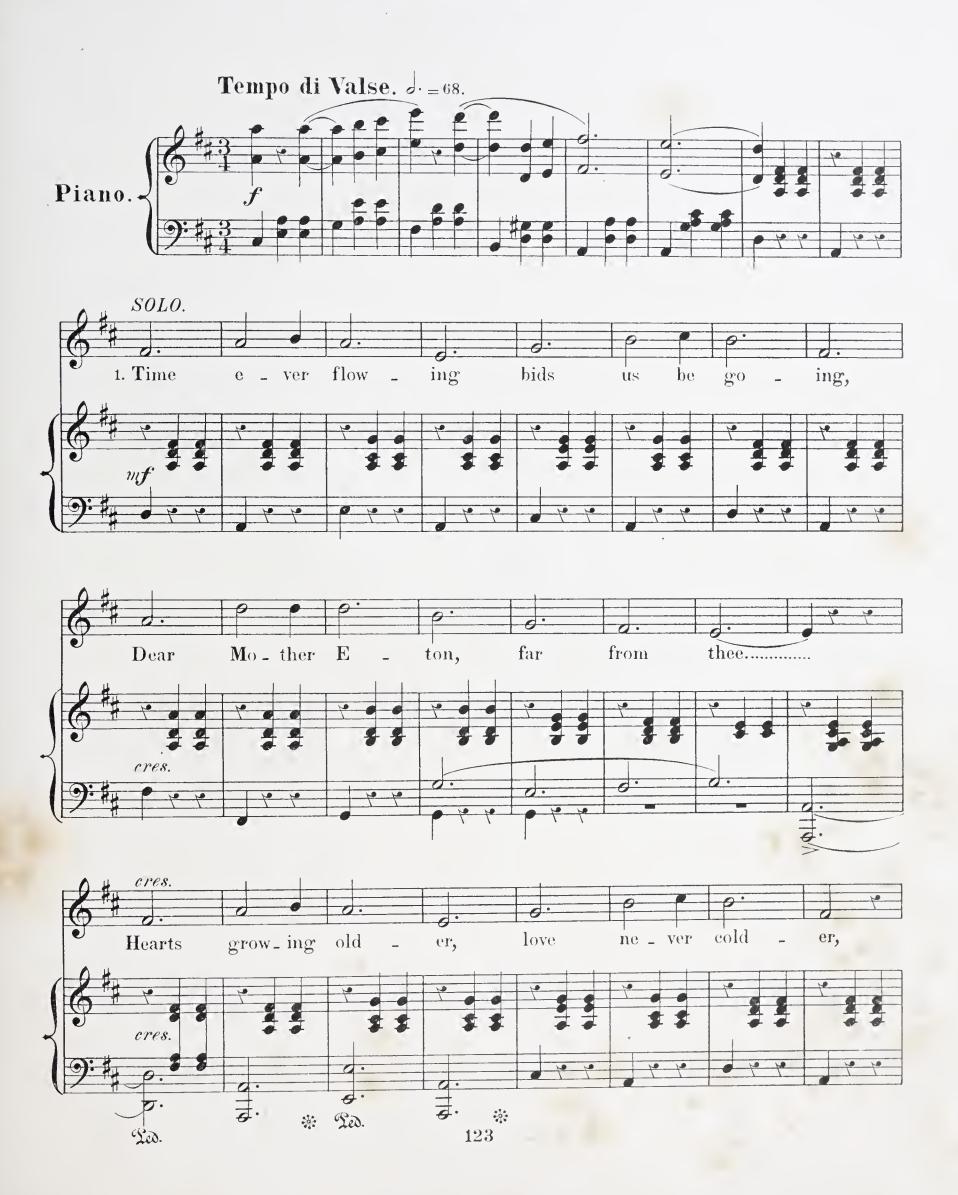


WHAT we are leaving, others receiving,
New sons of Eton, when we're gone,
Still forward straining, fresh honour gaining,
Keep the torch burning—hand it on!
Brother with brother, thou our Mother,
In thee united thus sing we:
Hearts growing older, love never colder,
Never forgotten shalt thou be!





VALE.





















Hymn for Founder's Day

DECEMBER 6TH

AD DEI GLORIAM

ET IN PIAM MEMORIAM

HENRICI SEXTI

Fundatoris nostri

Fiat pax in virtute tua et abundantia in turribus tuis.

Propter fratres meos et proximos meos loquebar pacem de te.

Ps. cxxii. 7, 8.

PRAISE the Lord! to-day we sing,
Birthday of our Founder King!

Day of memories! linking fast

With the present all the past!

For the royal care that planned

God's own house, wherein we stand,

Lift your hearts with one accord!

Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!

For the souls of high intent

Forth from this, our Mother, sent,

Fearless, faithful, loving, true,

Strong to suffer, strong to do,

All their powers, with all their might,

Freely spending for the right,

Lift your hearts with one accord!

Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!



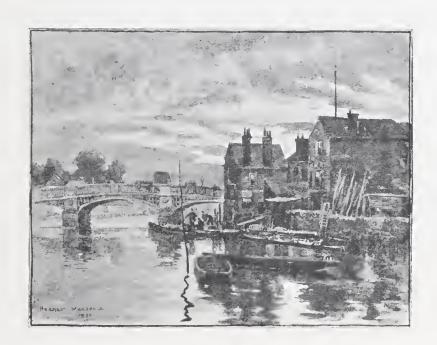
ETON SONGS

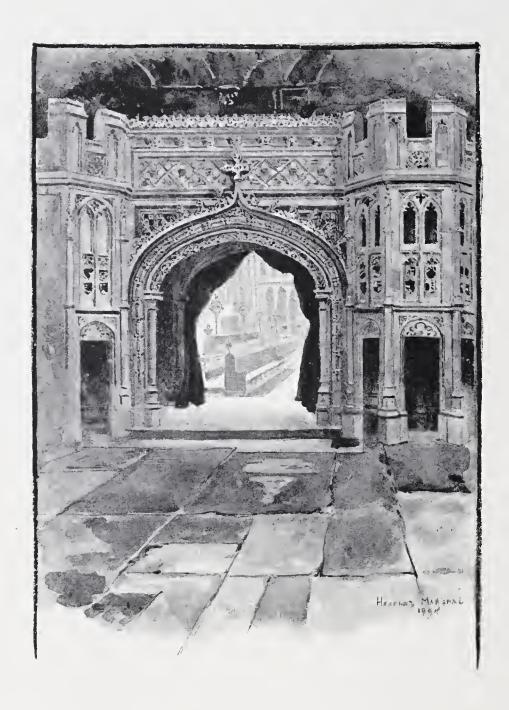
Ours the Christian's arms to wield,
Ours to bear unstained the shield.
For our heritage of fame,
For our Mother's glorious name,
Lift your hearts with one accord!
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!



ETON SONGS

NCE again the waning year
Brings our day of memories here,
So recalling ages gone,
So uniting all in one!
For our tale of lives sublime,
For our hopes of coming time,
Lift your hearts with one accord!
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!
Amen.



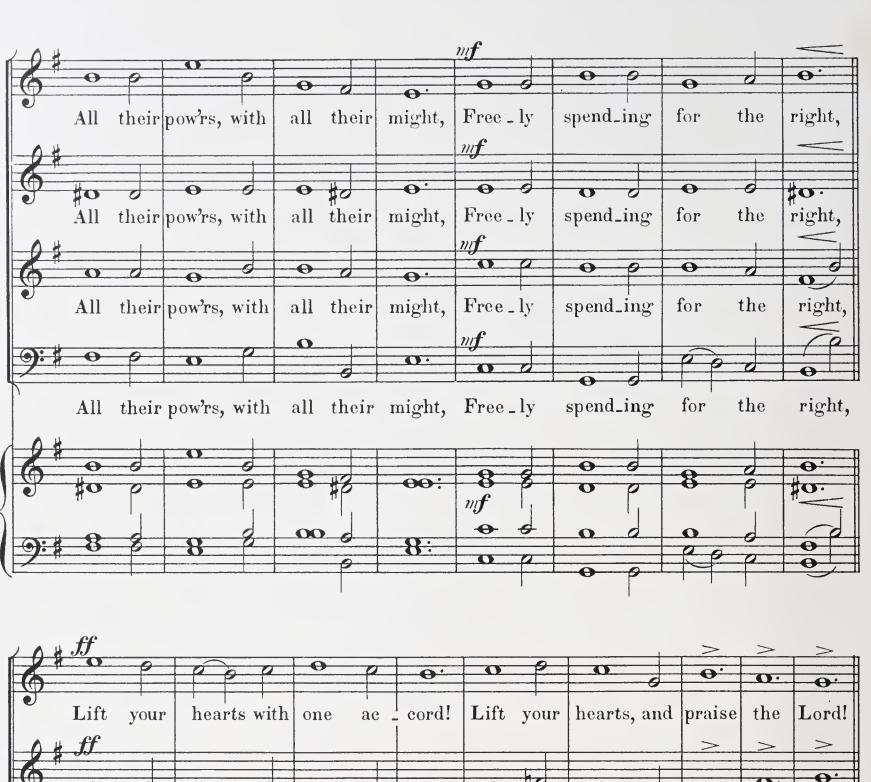


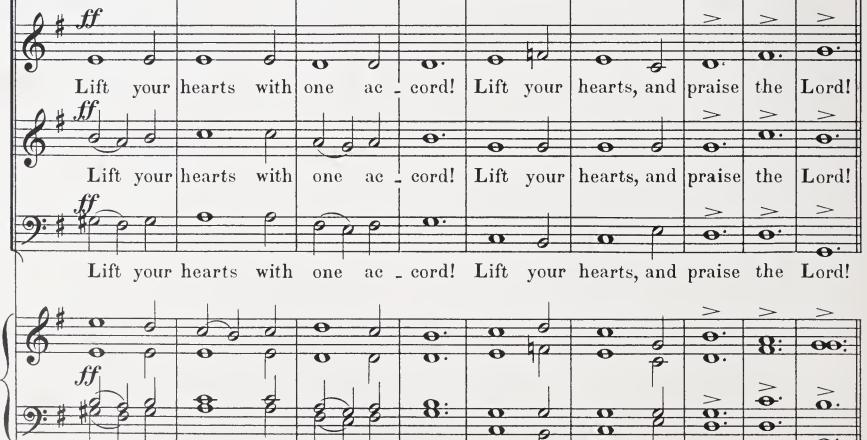
HYMN FOR FOUNDER'S DAY.

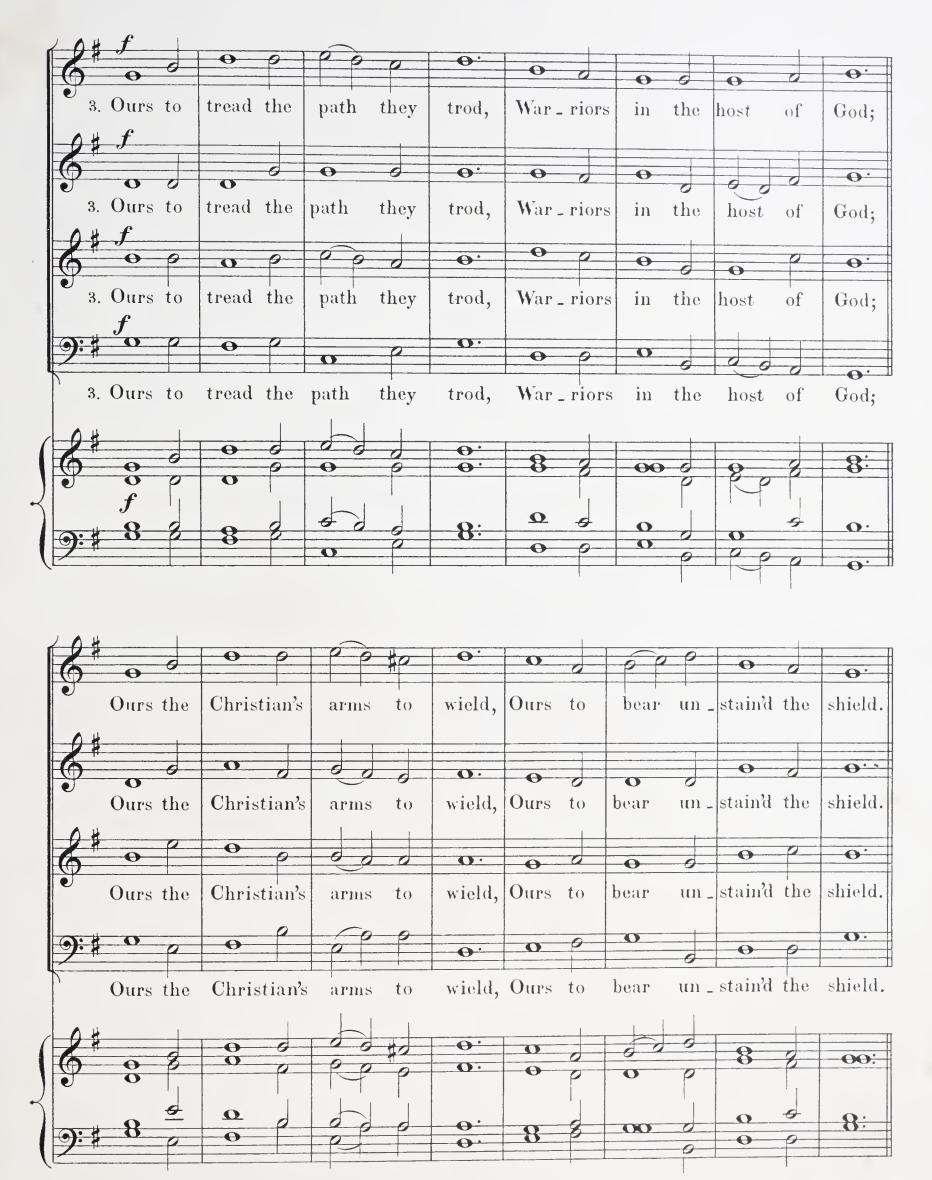
Fiat pax in virtute tua et abundantia in turribus tuis. Propter fratres meos et proximos meos loquebar pacem de te. With spirit. $\delta = 126$. Ps. cxxii. 7. 8. TREBLE. 1. Praise the Lord! to day Birth day we $\sin g$ ofour Foun - der King! ALTO. 0 0 1. Praise the Lord! to day Birth day we sing ofour Foun _ der | King! TENOR. 0. (8ve lower.) 1. Praise the Lord! to Birth day of we sing our Foun _ der King! BASS. 1. Praise the Lord! to day sing Birth day of our Foun der King! we With spirit. d = 1268 ACCOMP. Q 0 With the the Day of mem'_ ries! link _ ing fast all pre _ sent past! 0: O With the all Day of link _ ing fast pre _ sent the past! mem'_ries! 0: O. With the all Day ofmem'_ries! link _ ing fast pre _ sent pastl 0 pre _ sent all fast With the the past! Day of mem'_ries! link _ ing 00; 8: 0



















Hymn

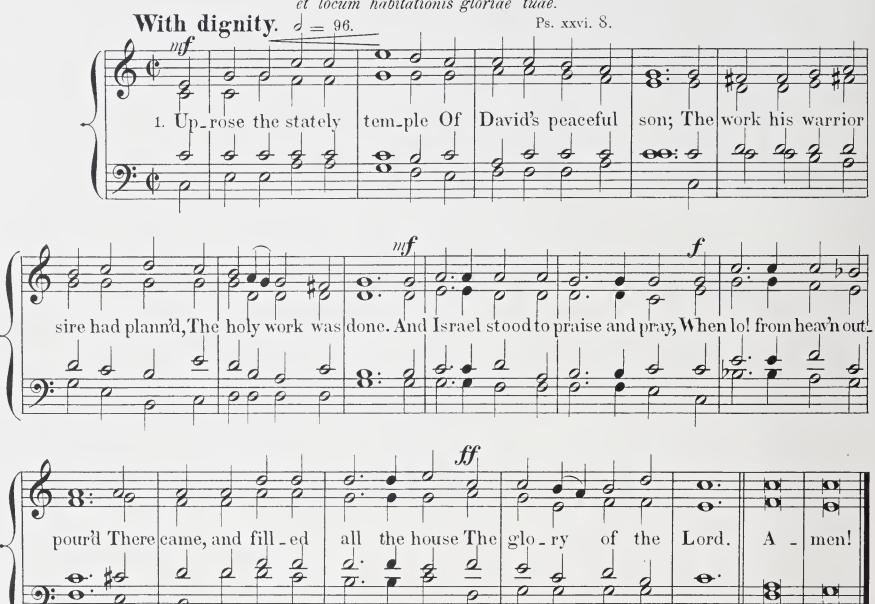
FOR

DEDICATION OF LOWER CHAPEL

Hymn for Dedication of Lower Chapel.

JUNE 24th 1891.





2.

Our house of God is finished,
Our work is done to-day;
And as they came in Salem then,
We come to praise and pray.
We praise the Lord for all His help,
We pray with one accord,
That on this house of God may rest
The glory of the Lord.

3.

Our house of God is finished,
And day by day the throng
Will crowd its walls to worship God
With prayer and holy song.

Make clean each heart, each hand, each tongue,
In thought and deed and word,
Worthy of them on whom hath shone
The glory of the Lord.

4.

We pass from hence and others
Come, passing onward still,
To live our life, to die our death,
According to Thy will:
Grant us, O God, while Thee we serve
With tongue or pen or sword,
To magnify in life or death
The glory of the Lord.

Amen.









